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# DIALOGUE

BETWEEN THE

POET and his FRIEND

A

# SATIRE

By CHARLES OBRIEN, Esq;

*Sermones ego malle  
Repentes per humum*

HOR.

L O N D O N :

Printed for H. CARPENTER, in Fleet-Street, 1775

[ Price Six-pence ]

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haps unusually) wanted in his Nation. He was  
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## The Editor to the PUBLIC.

**I**T is an Observation of Mr. *Addison's*, that a Reader seldom receives much Pleasure from the Labours of an Author, till his Curiosity is satisfied in some Particulars concerning his Life. --- Know then, Reader, Mr. *Charles O'Brien* was descended of a good Family in *Ireland*, was early instituted in the *Greek* and *Latin* Languages at *Cork*, from whence, in the Year 1732, he was admitted of the University of *Dublin*, and continued there till his Father's Death in 1737. Upon this he disposed of his little Patrimony, situated in the Neighbourhood of *Cork*, and embarked for *London*, where he bought an Annuity for Life, and took Lodgings at the polite End of the Town; though indeed he kept little Company, and never was seen at any public Diversions, except the Play-houses.--- He died of a Fever last *March*.

These are the most remarkable Occurrences of the Author's Life, which, if it was unchequered by



a Variety of Fortunes, so also was it uninterrupted by Calamity. As to his Disposition, it was quite the Reverse of that which is generally (though perhaps unjustly) imputed to his Nation: He was reserv'd, and modest even to a Fault, insomuch that he never gave the least Suspicion, to his most intimate Acquaintance, of his ever having dedicated himself to the Service of the Muses.

Amongst his Papers was found the following Piece, with a Title prefix'd to it of *Satire the First*; by which it appears, that he either had amused himself in Performances of the same Kind, or certainly intended it had he liv'd. In my Opinion this might not improperly be stiled a Prologue, as it seems intended as an Introduction to some future Pages; as such the Editor offers it to the Public, and as such he hopes the Public will receive it with Candour.

THE EDITOR.



**D I A L O G U E**  
**BETWEEN THE**  
**P O E T and his F R I E N D .**

**F. T**URN Poet, did you say?  
**P.** I did, what then?

**F.** O! that some Curse may light upon your Pen!  
For Heav'n's Sake, Sir! turn Poet! I'd as soon  
Turn Player, Soldier, Parasite, Buffoon;  
Or, in some Alley, daily beg my Bread,  
And pour down Blessings on each guilty Head.  
What! I suppose you thirst for empty Praise,  
And nightly dream of Laurels, and of Bays:

Or, hold----perhaps your Hopes still higher rise,

---- A Third Night's Profits dance before your Eyes.----

P. What, shall my Muse, like gentle *Morgan's*, flow  
In all the whining Eloquence of Woe?

Or, mad with more than *Boadicea's* Rage,

With Racks, Hell, Furies, swell the boist'rous Page;

Storm thro' five Acts, five Acts without a Plot,

Larded with Oaths, with Threats, and God knows what;

Whole Scenes be hiss'd, at last, perhaps, (what's worse)

One general Damn repay each senseless Curse?

F. Subscriptions then---come, come, confess,---I know  
Some mighty Profit lurks in Embryo.

On some wise Minister you need but fix---

Swear he's a *Machiavel* in Politics;

Deck him with Titles, "Honest, Just, and Brave;"

'Tis Malice calls him, "Traitor, Coward, Knave;"

Varnish him well.

P. Nay hold.

F. Go on and lye;

Varnish him well, I say, with Flattery:

Some Place or Pension.

P. How



*P.* How, Sir! write for Pence!  
 For a small Pittance prostitute my Sense!  
 I'll daub no guilty Wretch with Virtue's Name,  
 Or lye, to save her Grace's sinking Fame;  
 Not like the \* Bard, who o'er the Face of Day  
 Spun the flight Cobweb of his fabl'd Lay:  
 Truth they shall have ---- an honest Rage supplies  
 Whate'er a peevish, self-will'd Muse denies.  
 I hate all Knaves, who perch'd on Fortune's Top,  
 In Ribbands strut, or tremble in a Rope;  
 Vice is still Vice, no Difference can I see,  
 'Tween *M----*, and a Whore of Quality.

*F.* Yet, Justice spares the Peer, and damns the Hind,  
 Is Justice partial?

*P.* No, but yet she's blind.  
 Ev'n let her wink --- keen Satire's watchful Eye,  
 By Stars undazzl'd, shall each Breast survey;  
 Search thro' the various Mazes of the Heart,  
 Here censure Guilt, and there applaud Desert.  
 Tremble, ye Vicious, whom the Laws protect,  
 Tremble, whate'er your Party, Rank, or Sect;

As Vice is gen'ral, Satire's unconfin'd,  
 Skims o'er the whole, and damns each guilty Mind.  
 Come, then, ye choicest Spirits of the Age,  
 Inspire my Pen, direct its sacred Rage;  
 Come, then, all *Henley's* Spleen, all *Murphy's* Sense,  
*Foote's* sprightly Wit, and *Macklin's* Eloquence.  
 Come, then ---

*F.* Stop, stop, I fain would Silence break,  
 Fain would I ask ---

*P.* Nay, Sir, you've Leave to speak.

*F.* E'er from the People's Breast you root the Weeds,  
 Say, in your own there lurk no dang'rous Seeds. ---

*P.* Can't then Relief from *Rock*, or *Ward*, be found,  
 Unless the Doctor is himself quite found?  
 Or must no Priest e'er blame the Breach of Vows,  
 Because he helps to plant his Neighbour's Brows?

*H*--- writes Inf---rs to reform the Age,  
 And fills, with awful Truths, the moral Page;  
 Must *H*--- be virtuous then? (a vain Pretence)  
 ---Why ev'n his Friends but stickle for his Sense,  
*Pope*, too, with Virtue sanctifies the Line,  
 His *Man of Ross* you'd swear was half divine;



But *Pope* we know—

*F.* Hush, hush—

*P.* Nay, never frown,

I mean the Character's not quite his own;

Yet who, with deadlier Aim, e'er wing'd the Dart,

E'er fell'd proud Vice triumphant in the Heart;

In stronger Colours, with severer Rage,

Painted, or lash'd, a trifling, well-bred Age?

*F.* Since, then, in spite of Wit, in Nature's spite,

Without one single Muse you still will write;

E'er in the Ocean's Depth you spread your Sail,

In shallow'r Streams first tempt the prosperous Gale;

But why in Satire, Sir,—fye, fye, refrain,

Ne'er let a manly Sense be choak'd by Spleen:

Or, if you needs must rail, be this thy Note,

The falling Stays, and rising Petticoat;

Lash the lewd Folly, yet, yet spare the Name,

For C—b still may feel some little Shame.

*P.* What tho' the World's no wiser than before,

Must I ne'er brand lewd T— for a Whore?

Point out her Name, a Scare-Crow to the Croud,

The Giddy, or but negatively Good?

For Names expos'd the half--- resolv'd deter,  
 Like Bodies doom'd to taint the southern Air :  
 The same's the Punishment, alike th' Intent,  
 For both but suffer for the Innocent.---

F. Yet, yet, my Friend, at Folly draw your Pen,  
 Here loose your Rage, here level all your Spleen ;  
 Vice is a Monster like the *Hydra* found,  
 Fresh from each Stroke, and strengthen'd by each Wound.

P. Shall I then fly the Dangers of the Field,  
 My Helmet Virtue, Innocence my Shield ?  
 No, no : I'll rout the Foe, whate'er her Mein,  
 The lying Statesman, or the bowing Dean ;  
 Whether the pension'd Slave, or pois'ning Heir,  
 The adult'ring St---rd, or the stabbing ---  
 Or, in each Shape, tho' baffl'd, or subdu'd,  
 Should she still hope to conquer or elude ;  
 Should she, enraged, some ghastlier Form devise,  
 Rise fraught with Gunning, arm'd with rattling Dies ;  
 Flush'd with Success, the hideous Fiend I'd quell,  
 And drive her bellowing to her native Hell.

F. Alas ! alas ! mere Frenzy of the Brain !  
 Worse than the Madman's incoherent Strain

Write



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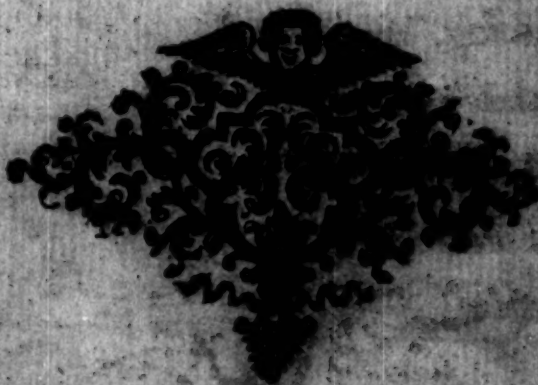
Write thus, you still are safe—Go on, and print,  
Your veriest Foes will own there's nothing in't.

*P.* But should a lucky Hit once raise their Fears,

*F.* Ev'n plead your \* Priviledge, and save your Ears.

\* The Priviledge of a Madman, viz. Of saying and doing what he pleases unpunish'd.

F I N I S.



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Write thus, you fill the tale—Go on, and bring  
Your vessel's Fate will own there's nothing in it.  
P. But should a lucky Hit once raise their Fears  
E. Ev'n plead your Privilege and save your Fate

• The Privilege of a Merchant, who Of saying and doing what he pleases  
unpunish'd

THE END

